*Oth.* What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine, --- ſo, ſo.
*Em.* What ho, my Lord, my Lord.
*Oth.* Who's there?
*Em.* O good my Lord, I'de ſpeake a word with you.
*Oth.* Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: ſhee's dead:
Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſsios* death;
The noyſe was here; ha, no more moueing,
Still as the graue: ſhall ſhe come in? were't good?
I thinke ſhe ſtirres againe; no, what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhee'll ſure ſpeake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, my wife; I ha no wife;
O inſupportable: O heauy houre.
Me thinks it ſhould be now a huge Eclips
Of Sunne and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,
Should yawne at alteration.
*Em.* I doe beſeech you I may ſpeake with you, good my Lord.
*Oth.* I had forgot thee: O come in *Emillia*.
Soft, by and by; let me the Curtaines draw, *Ent.* Emil.
Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?
*Em.* O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.
*Oth.* What, now?
*Em.* But now my Lord.
*Oth.* It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth, then ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
*Em.* *Caſsio* my Lord has kil'd a yong *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.
*Oth.* *Roderigo* kild, and *Caſsio* kild?
*Em.* No, *Caſsio* is not kild.
*Oth.* Not *Caſsio* kild, then murders out of tune,
And ſweete reuenge growes harſh.
*Deſ.* O falſly, falſly murdered.
*Em.* O Lord, what cry is that?
*Oth.* That? what?
*Em.* Out and alas, it is my Ladyes voyce;

Helpe,

Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady ſpeake
Sweete *Deſdemona*, O ſweete Miſtreſſ
*Deſ.* A guiltleſſe death I die.
*Em.* O who has done this deed?
*Deſ.* No body, I my ſelfe, farewell
Commend me to my kinde Lord, O fa
*Oth.* Why, how ſhould ſhe be mu
*Em.* Alas, who knowes?
*Oth.* You heard her ſay, her ſelfe, i
*Em.* She ſayd ſo, I muſt needes rep
*Oth.* She's like a lyer, gone to bur
'Twas I that kild her.
*Em.* O, the more Angell ſhe,
And you the blacker diuell.
*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and ſhe w
*Em.* Thou doeſt bely her, and tho
*Oth.* She was falſe as water.
*Em.* Thou as raſh as fire,
To ſay that ſhe was falſe: O ſhe was
*Oth.* *Caſsio* did top her, aske thy
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in
But that I did proceed, vpon iuſt grou
To this extremity, thy husband knew
*Em.* My husband?
*Oth.* Thy husband.
*Em.* That ſhe was falſe to wedlo
*Oth.* I, with *Caſsio*: nay, had ſhe
If heauen would make me ſuch anot
Of one intire and perfect Criſolite,
I'de not haue ſold her for it.
*Em.* My husband?
*Oth.* I, twas he that told me firſt,
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſli
That ſticks on filthy deedes.
*Em.* My husband?
*Oth.* What needes this iteration
*Em.* If he ſay ſo, may his pernitio

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